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A SKETCH OF OLD UTICA



Blantina D. Miller

A Sketch of Old Utica,

New York

Blandina Dudley Miller

EDITED BY

Helen Lincklaen Miller

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1909

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**FIERSTINE PRINTING HOUSE
UTICA, N. Y.**

In Memoriam

B. D. M.

1142526

She hath gone forth where Silence needs no speech,
Into the music of the chanting spheres,
Safe harbored now beyond all sorrows' reach,
Beyond the mists of pain and human tears.

Yet here is left a Song that still shall sing
Above life's strident ways, and softly bless:
She hath gone forth into that final Spring,
Leaving the echo of her loveliness.

—*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

Miss Blandina Dudley Miller



A woman of considerable accomplishment, superior character and representative of the best intellectual endowment of this region died Saturday evening in the home she and her devoted sister have made for several years past in the Olbiston. She was Blandina Dudley Miller, known to the old readers of *THE OBSERVER* for a long time as a regular contributor to its Saturday issues.

She was from historic families, as is shown in other columns of the paper. Her father was the Hon. Rutger B. Miller and her mother was one of the beautiful and noble sisters of Governor Horatio Seymour. She was not only a niece of the Governor by blood but of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling through his marriage to one of her aunts.

She came early to a love and reverence for local history which was characteristic of her family on both sides. Thereby she was inspired to be a writer and her utterances were of note. Her writings, we may admit, helped to inspire that spirit which has lifted to its present state the Oneida Historical Society of which the Governor was for years the President and whose fine building is one of the ornaments of this city.

She has not lived in vain. Her Christian character was exemplary. Refinement was native in her breast and was in all the breathings of her spirit. To what sweet sleep she goes!

—*E. Prentiss Bailey*

INTRODUCTION

“In these mansions used to be
Free hearted hospitality.
Here great fires up the chimney roared
And guests oft gathered at the board.”

The old houses of Utica are so rapidly disappearing from our streets before the march of modern improvement, that it has been deemed of sufficient interest to jot down these fragmentary details of the life of some of the early settlers and descriptions of their dwellings, for the pleasure of those now living, and perhaps for the amusement of those who are to come after us; who may scarcely refrain from a smile at the quaintness and simplicity of the life in Utica in its early days.

The little village has grown into a beautiful city, far surpassing the dreams or hopes of its original founders in the luxury and beauty of its houses; yet there was an air of substantial comfort and stately dignity about these old homes that will not be effaced from the memories of those who as children had the happiness to sit around the ancient fireplaces, or to gather fruits and flowers in fields and orchards now built over by solid blocks of stores and houses.

BLANDINA DUDLEY MILLER.

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1895.

Utica's Old Homes

Some Historic Houses of the City's Early Days

IN writing of the old homes in Utica, the very name brings before one large substantial looking buildings of wood, brick or stone, and of but two designs, the double house or a single house with wings, the front door surmounted with a fanlight, and the side lights divided into squares and diamonds by light wreaths of metal. The door knobs and knockers will be of shining brass, and the iron railing up the steps will usually be finished with two brass balls which reflect the sunlight far and near. A hall running the entire length of the house will usually have fluted pillars and a fanlight dividing it in two, and the handsome staircase with an easy ascent will either be at the end of the hall, or may be placed at right angles. In either case the mahogany balustrade and carved post make it a conspicuous feature.

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In the house built by Samuel Stocking, on Broad street, the hall is of unusual size and beauty. The walls are decorated with paintings executed by an English artist by the name of Gordon. They represent Trenton Falls, a town in France, and a scene in Oswego, where one of his daughters was then living. This house, since occupied by Judge Denio and now by his daughter, Mrs. Louis A. Tourtellot, has often been quoted as one of the best and handsomest models in this part of the state.

In the house built by Mr. Bagg in 1824 for his family and afterwards occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Mann, are beautiful rooms and high mantelpieces with elaborate carvings, and a hall large enough to make a modern "apartment," while a fine garden extended to Main street, and was always full of flowers.

On Whitesboro street is still standing, and but little changed in external appearance, the house built by Judge Nathan Williams, and in which five generations of the family have lived. Here also we shall find beautiful specimens of carved woodwork on mantelpieces and doors, while the handsomely proportioned parlor, papered with the quaintest of designs, great branching trees and vines of a Chinese pattern, always attracted much attention and admiration. The large garden and

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orchard ran down to Water street, and were most attractive.

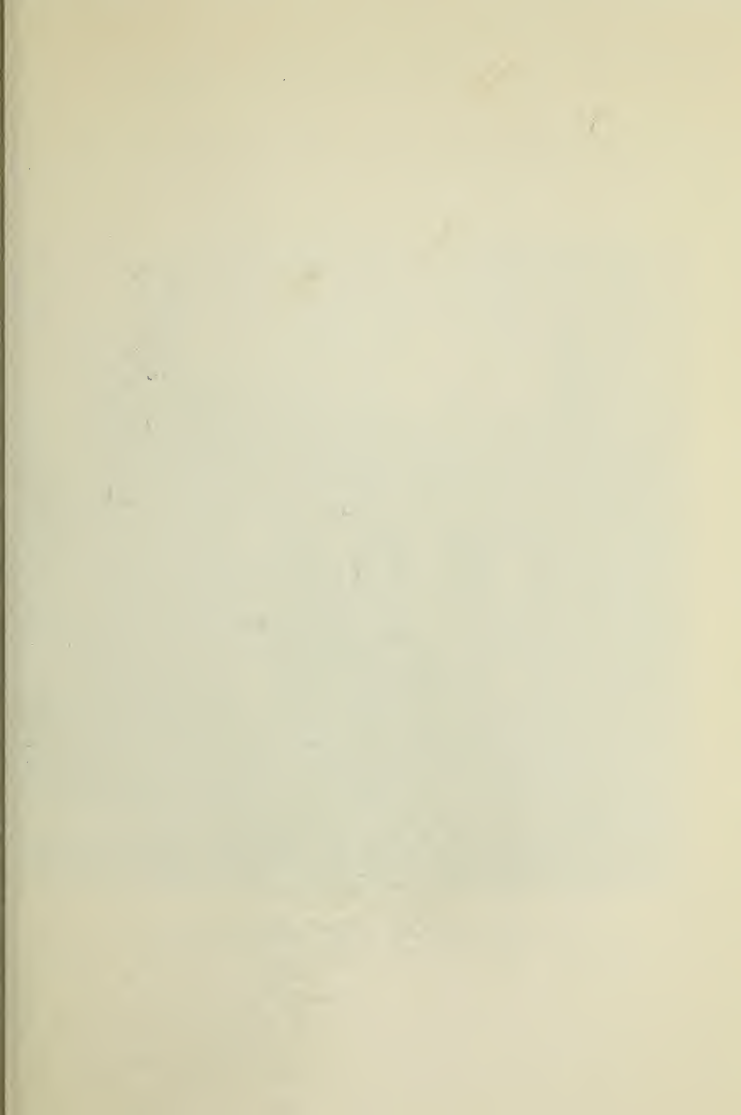
Next to Judge Williams' was the pleasant double brick house built by David Childs in about 1810 or 1812. It was afterwards purchased by Henry Seymour in 1820 and is still owned by his grandchildren, although not occupied by any of them. Here, as in many other houses of the time, we shall find the delightful fireplaces and Dutch ovens, and a large, cheerful basement kitchen whose windows open on the attractive garden. The comfort and cheerfulness of this large house was much increased by the beautiful gardens which joined that of Judge Williams with only a hedge between. All the family were strongly attached to this house, and carried its ruling ideas into their own widely cattered homes as much as possible.

Governor Seymour spent many of his happiest days here and his attachment, which seemed only to increase with his years, sometimes resulted in a rather unfortunate fondness for all the old things and an aversion to many needed improvements. When he ensconced himself in his easy chair by the side of the fire always kept blazing in the sunny east room, and drew out a pile of newspapers, he was a picture of enjoyment not often seen. Although the last years of his life were spent in Deer-

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field on his farm, he seldom let a day pass without spending many hours in the old home.

On moving to Deerfield and making a farmer of himself he remodeled and added to a farm house on the place, and made a house picturesque and attractive to look at without being very comfortable to live in. It was a rambling house that ran all over and lost itself, and the crooked stairs were a problem to many to mount or descend in safety. His delight was to collect in his library and parlors all historic mementoes of the past, and in looking at them and recalling the events these inanimate objects had had a share in, he seemed to live the past over again, and his informal conversations upon them were delightful to listen to. "Now sit on Daniel Webster's chair a little while" he would say, "then try Bishop White's to brace up your churchmanship; then mount this high backed chair of Charles II.'s day and you will be glad to settle down in your great Aunt Dudley's chair, the most comfortable of them all. General Schuyler's clock is telling you it is time to go to bed and General Forman will tell you when to get up in the morning. These old trees talk only Dutch and Indian so they can tell no tales to you. I manage to understand them, because they belong to Mrs. Seymour who is Dutch herself."





THE STOCKING, DENIO OR TOURTELLOT HOUSE

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The view from his front piazza was inspiring indeed, and here he loved to sit under the shadow of his favorite black cherry tree of great size and retrace the route of the different nations that had traversed this broad valley of the Mohawk. "Why do you always say the broad valley of the Mohawk, Governor?" asked Senator Kernan, who always kept up a running fire of jest and quips with his old friend. "Because neither you nor any one else would ever think how broad this valley is if I did not keep telling you it was so. Mohawk Valley sounds very commonplace and tells you nothing. When I say the 'broad' valley it makes you look to see how wide it is."

His library was well filled with interesting books on history, ornithology, botany, etc., and he took the keenest delight in watching the habits of the birds on the farm, and never would allow one to be disturbed. Wild flowers he was especially fond of, and took unwearied pains to have great clumps of all his favorites growing on the edge of the beautiful woods back of his house. "I do not like the trailing arbutus at all," he once said. "It will not grow for me. I have transplanted it from many localities, and brought a wagon load of its native soil to make it feel at home, but to no purpose. I believe it knows my indifference to my Puritan

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ancestors, and so this little New England May flower will have nothing to do with me. All the Dutch 'bloemen' bloom delightfully here. Your arbutus is an obstinate little minx. I will have no more of it."

THE INMAN HOUSES

On the beautiful drive from Utica out to Whitesboro stand the two Inman houses, very different in style and appearance, and both very interesting. William Inman came to this country from England in 1792, and had charge of large estates owned by a gentleman in London. He lived first in the picturesque English cottage on the north side of the road, and, being a man of ample fortune, led the life of a country gentleman, driving about in a heavy English carriage and wearing powdered hair, with knee breeches and buckles. The old road must have run much closer to the house than at present, and our Englishman presently becoming choked with the Yankee dust, built the large substantial looking house on the south side of the road, standing far back from the trees, and which impresses the passer-by as a mansion of ye olden time. Mr. Inman was one of the founders of the old Trinity church, and an original pew holder. His sons distinguished themselves in different walks of life.

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John Inman was editor of the leading New York papers of the day, such as the *Columbian Gazette*, *Spirit of the Times*, etc. Henry Inman became an artist of note on both sides of the Atlantic. He at first painted miniatures under Jarvis in New York, but gained greater reputation as a painter of portraits and genre pictures. Among his best pictures are those of Chief Justice Marshall, Bishop White, Rip Van Winkle awakening from his dream, Boyhood of Washington, etc. In addition to his talent as an artist, his social and conversational gifts were of the highest order. He became vice president of the National Academy of Design.

THE YORK HOUSE

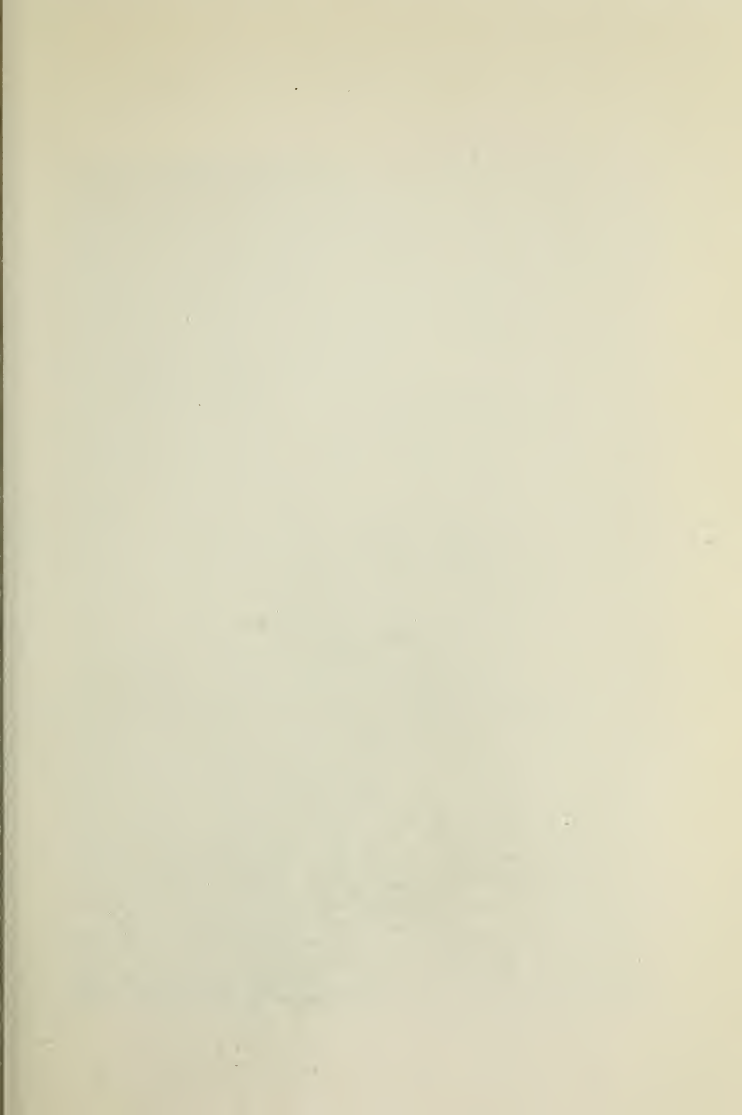
On the north side of Whitesboro street, corner of Hotel street, stands the large yellow brick hotel, formerly known as the York house, and whose history is closely associated with many interesting events in the early days of Utica. It was built in 1797 by Samuel Hooker for the Holland Land Company to accommodate the many settlers who were beginning to pour into the western part of the state to settle on the company's land. Though apparently far too large a hotel for the size of the village, it was often taxed to its utmost capacity by these settlers coming up the valley and requiring

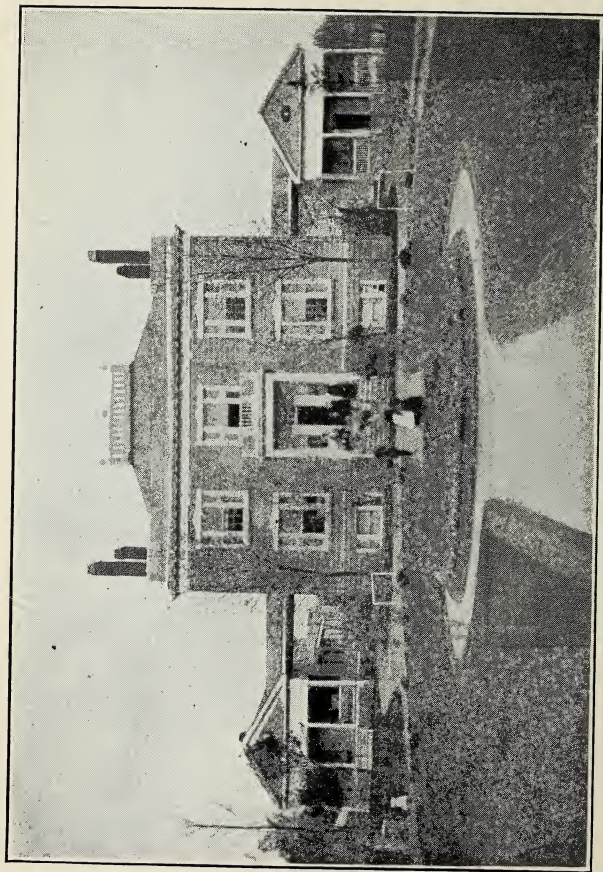
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accommodation for man and beast. In the annals of Albany, it is stated that in 1795, twelve hundred sleighs loaded with men, women and children, and all household belongings, passed through Albany, en route for the west, in three days.

The York House was an excellent hotel, and its register, if it had been preserved, could show the names of many people of distinction. The wide sweep of the street in front was made to allow the stages and carriages, with their four and six horses, to turn around. In the second story was a large ball room with an excellent spring floor, where were held all the fashionable balls or assemblies of the day. At one end of the ball room was a wooden screen painted and cut out to represent trees and groves in a sort of Forest of Arden effect. At the sound of the music the dancers emerged from behind these trees, and when the graceful gavottes or scarf dances were finished they disappeared into these leafy shades, which was thought to have a very beautiful effect. The room was lighted by candelabra, and sconces filled with wax candles, and woe to the unlucky beau who forgot himself and stood lingering beneath them. His garments were apt to be covered with a waxen coating difficult to remove.

These balls and parties began at seven o'clock





THE MILLER HOUSE

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in the evening, (think of this, ye fin-de-siecle belles and beaux!) until some ultra fashionables from New York made a sensation by coming at the unheard of hour of half past seven. And from that time on the village belles found it difficult to complete their toilets before that hour—while their parents mourned over the evils of fashionable life and customs.

The word hotel was cut as well as painted on the front walls of the building, and no subsequent painting could ever efface it, even when used as a private residence. It still stands as a memorial of the Holland Land Company in the early days of Utica, and was the largest hotel this side of New York City for many years.

THE MILLER HOUSE

In 1820 Judge Morris S. Miller began to lay out the grounds and to plant the trees and shrubs on that part of the Bleecker property since known as Rutger place, at the head of John street. In the family the place never had a name of any pretense, it was and is today called "The Hill," or "Up on the Hill." "Miller's Folly" was a name given by many at the time—so remote was it from all neighbors and friends. A carriage seen crossing John street bridge was surely coming to The Hill, for

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there was no other place to go to through the muddy lane called John street. The seat originally extended from Howard avenue to Dudley avenue, and from Rutger to South street.

A stone wall was built all along the northern line of the place, and a pretty winding walk led through the shrubbery nearly around the entire place. This shrubbery of purple and white lilacs, snow-balls, syringia, etc., formed a dense wall of green overhanging the stone wall, and a large willow at the gate sheltered the rather narrow entrance from all outsiders. Mountain ash trees and honey locusts grew luxuriantly in the rich soil, and combined with the other trees, formed grove-like clumps all over the grounds. Fruit trees were in great profusion, and the Bleecker and orange plum were planted everywhere, and were famous. Judge Miller died before the house was built, except its foundations, but his original plan was carried out and the house completed in about 1830. The square stone house was flanked by two small Grecian buildings, *i.e.*, a low pediment and pillars; the one on the west was the office, and that on the east served for the gardner's and coachman's house, and ran back to the wood house and stable. These houses were connected with the main house by the upper piazza, which extended across the carriage

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drives to the roof, and gave something the effect of a huge bird.

Notable men and women have gathered within its walls from the first Sunday when Mrs. Miller occupied it. The dining room and hall were the only rooms in order. Judge Conkling was in town holding court, and Rutger B. Miller was his clerk. The judge was invited to Sunday dinner, and was the first guest in the house that was destined to be the home of his son, Senator Conkling, for so many years. Old Jimmy, the household factotum, was in despair for the honor of his family—such a stately elegant man as Judge Conkling coming to dinner and no parlor to show him into! My grandmother was perfectly composed. “You have a good dinner?” “Yes, ma’am.” “Very well, serve it well and no one will feel the lack of another room. Friends come before furnishings.”

Hospitality was the cornerstone of the house, and a long array of pleasant guests were to follow. Bishop Hobart, Bishop DeLancey, General Scott, Colonel Worth, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, General Bloomfield, Mrs. Schuyler and her beautiful daughter, now Mrs. John Taylor Cooper, of Albany; Mrs. Davidson and her talented young daughters, Margaret and Lucretia; Gerrit Smith, the noted abolitionist, and his southern wife, Anne

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Carroll Fitzhugh; Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dudley, from Albany, Mrs. Miller's beautiful nieces, Mrs. Tibbets and Mrs. Neilson, made a circle not often excelled.

How clearly comes before me among the few recollections I have of the place, the morning early in the spring of 1850, when a party of men with spades, picks and wheelbarrows arrived and began breaking the ground to the west of the house for the house of J. Wyman Jones! We children thought it most interesting, and could not at all understand the white, sad faces of the older members of the household, to whom it was the beginning of the end, the breaking up of the old homestead into city lots and places.

OTHER RESIDENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Walker lived here for several years, and pleasantly entertained many of the favorite artists, poets and sculptors of the day, while Senator Conkling, during his residence of more than twenty-five years, gathered here all the noted men of his time. "This is a marvelous house," said Mrs. Conkling, after entertaining a large party of friends for several days. "There is ample room for the pleasure and comfort of many people, and I can live here by myself without feel-

New-Year's Ball.

THE COMPANY OF

Mr. Messrs F. Miller and Lady

Is requested at a BALL, TROWBRIDGE'S HOTEL, on Wednesday evening next, at 5 o'clock

PETER COLT,
BENT'N WALKER,
GERRIT G. LANSING,
ALEX'R COVENTRY,
SAM'L B. MALCOM,
J. H. LOTHROP,

Managers.

Utica, Dec. 29, 1806

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ing it is too large for the cozy comfort of a quiet life."

Perhaps the most brilliant array of distinguished people met him at the re-union of the Army of the Cumberland in 1875, when General Grant, General Sherman, General Hooker were all guests of Senator Conkling, who kept open house during the days of their visit. A military parade was followed by a brilliant meeting in the Opera House, where soldier after soldier was called upon for a speech, and greeted with rounds of applause. When the heroes entered the house and took their seats on the stage, the whole audience rose, and a deafening cheer upon cheer arose that shook the very walls. Everyone cheered—ladies and all—without half knowing what they were doing. "Why have I lost my voice so suddenly," said one lady to another after the turmoil had subsided. "Because you were cheering with the others." "I never knew I had opened my lips," was the reply, "but I *felt* it."

Nicholas E. Kernan purchased the place in 1894, and in the possession of his family there need be no fear that the hospitable traditions of the past will ever die out. On the contrary, the fire on the hearth will still burn brightly, and the friends of three and four generations will still feel that Miller's Seat or Rutger Place is theirs to enjoy, and to receive the cordial welcome as in days of old.

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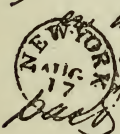
THE BIG FIREPLACE

If I were asked to give the ruling motif of Utica's old houses, I should say it was the fireplace, and the dominant chord would be the cord of wood. The woodshed took up an important share of the yard, and with its pile upon pile of beautiful maple and birch and beech wood in all stages of dryness, and the odor of pine from the kindling-wood corners, it was a delightful spot. These large houses were rarely warm except immediately in front of the fireplaces. Large folding screens were drawn about them to cut off the drafts, and as the weather grew colder the circle grew closer and smaller. Of welcome and hospitality there was no lack, and wood was piled up high to greet the newly arrived guest. The furniture for these large rooms was correspondingly large and massive. The mahogany sofas and side boards are the despair of those who try to move them into more modern houses. The high mantelpieces were adorned with silver candlesticks and candelabra, and those fortunate enough to have friends connected with the India trade could have Indian vases, but these were rare. Girandoles graced the walls. The handsomest had eagles holding arrows, and balls or chains. In the large book cases we shall find many tomes of the sermons

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our forefathers so delighted to collect, and to read, too, as we find many of them marked and interlined. Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, Blair, Paley, Bunyan make a goodly show, and for poetry did they not commit whole volumes of Scott, Moore, Burns, Cowper, Byron, etc., to memory in a manner to fill us with envy at their aptness in quotation? Dickens and Thackery were not, but Waverly was upsetting both Europe and America, and people could scarcely wait for the next novel to appear.

PAID 37
Morris & Mudge Esq
his absence
General Kirkland
Utica



Magazines were scarcely known, and the newspapers were few and far between. Letters from absent friends came only seldom as the formidable postage of 18 cents to 30 cents precluded very active correspondence. Pianos were highly prized, and Utica could boast of two or three proficient players on the

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harp, Mrs. James Madison Weed and Miss Sarah Miller and Miss Evarts among others. The Battle of Prague, a descriptive piece of music for the piano, was a test of skill and proficiency. Songs were of a rather distressingly sentimental type, more descriptive of lovers' woes and sighs than of joy or happiness, and the love lorn swain or damsel found far more favor with the musical world than the commonplace, happy lover. In fact, to die for love seemed to be the acme of happiness in these ballads.

LIFE OF THE TIME

The description above given applies to all these old homes. Such were the houses of the Varicks, the Devereux, Manns, Williams, Seymours, Doolittles, Camps, Ostroms, Harts, Hubbards, Denios, Bacons, Kirklands, Kips, Lothrop's, Johnsons, Beardsleys, Hunts, Greens and many others, all surrounded with beautiful gardens for pleasure and use. Markets there were none, and every one raised his own fresh vegetables and fruits. Entertainments were frequent, and while handsome mahogany, silver and china, and fine napery made the tables elegant, the simplicity of the dinners would, I fear, scarcely satisfy the club man of the year 1895, but for excellence of the viands they hold their own bravely. A dinner consisted of a rich soup; a calf's

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head was a great favorite, then two joints of meat, a "roast and a boil," with vegetables served at the same time, or a saddle of mutton and haunch of venison on a lordly dish, the size of a small table. A ham soaked in champagne was a dish to set before a king, and a spiced round of beef, with a dash of sherry, was a most popular dish. The desserts were simple but how good and tempting! Calves' foot jelly, served in glasses, mounted on a high epergne, was the favorite centre piece. Whipped cream, custard, baked in India blue cups with the covers on, floating island, alternated with the richer mince pies and plum puddings. A second course was a great anxiety to provide with so limited a market; but when that was accomplished the house-keeper's cares were over. The word "menu," and its ten to fourteen courses made up of airy nothings, were both happily unknown. For wine, ample provision was made in the bins of the attic and the vaults of the cellar. Port, sherry and maderia, that had taken a voyage around the Cape to ripen, were the favorite brands, and not to offer a friend a glass of wine and a bit of sponge cake was an incivility. Egg-nogg parties were very popular, when the entire company adjourned to the dining-room, beat the eggs and mixed the ingredients to taste. When finished, the nogg was poured foaming into

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pitchers or served from a punch bowl with a ladle. Oysters were a rarity, and when a barrel of them was brought up, every one gave a supper party to celebrate the event. For evening parties, ices, cake, coffee and chicken salad were the usual viands, which were very often handed about on trays.

PETER FREEMAN

Many of us will recall the tall figure of Peter Freeman, a colored waiter, who had known Utica society for many years, darting in and out between the dancers with skill and quickness, for to have run up against any one or to have dropped a spoon, would have dealt a blow to his professional pride. Peter, like most of his race, was aristocratic, and took deeply to heart the passing away or the stepping down and out of his old families and the uprising of others not so worthy in his estimation. "Sassiety ain't what it used to be" was his frequent complaint, and he lost his interest in many of the parties, and, probably, from the nature of his remarks his valuable services were not as much in demand as formerly. At his last appearance at a party at Mr. Edmund A. Wetmore's the heart of Peter revived. Many of his old patrons were present, and he sailed into the parlor with his tray of

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glasses, greeting all with a cordial welcome, and saluting one lady, for whom he had a great regard, with "Come in, come in, Mrs. ———. This is a real select, genteel party, and none of our sudden rich ain't here—not one of 'em."

THE GARDENS OF UTICA

The old gardens of Utica were a very marked feature of the place. The shrubs and trees and plants had each a distinct value and individuality as the gifts and remembrances between friends and neighbors. There were no florists in those days to send out their finely illustrated catalogs—and plants were given in exchange between neighbors and thus were spread far and near. The Erie canal was turned from the course originally planned, to avoid the destruction of the beautiful garden and grounds belonging to Mr. James Kip on Broadway—probably the finest place then existing in Utica. Great was the anxiety of Mrs. Morris Miller that Mr. Henry Seymour, then Canal Commissioner, should not by the digging of his "big ditch" injure her favorite roses and fraxinellas which she had brought up from her father, Rutger Bleecker's old garden, on Market street, Albany. The Kip-Miller place on Main street was surrounded by a large garden which ran as far as Catharine street and was of

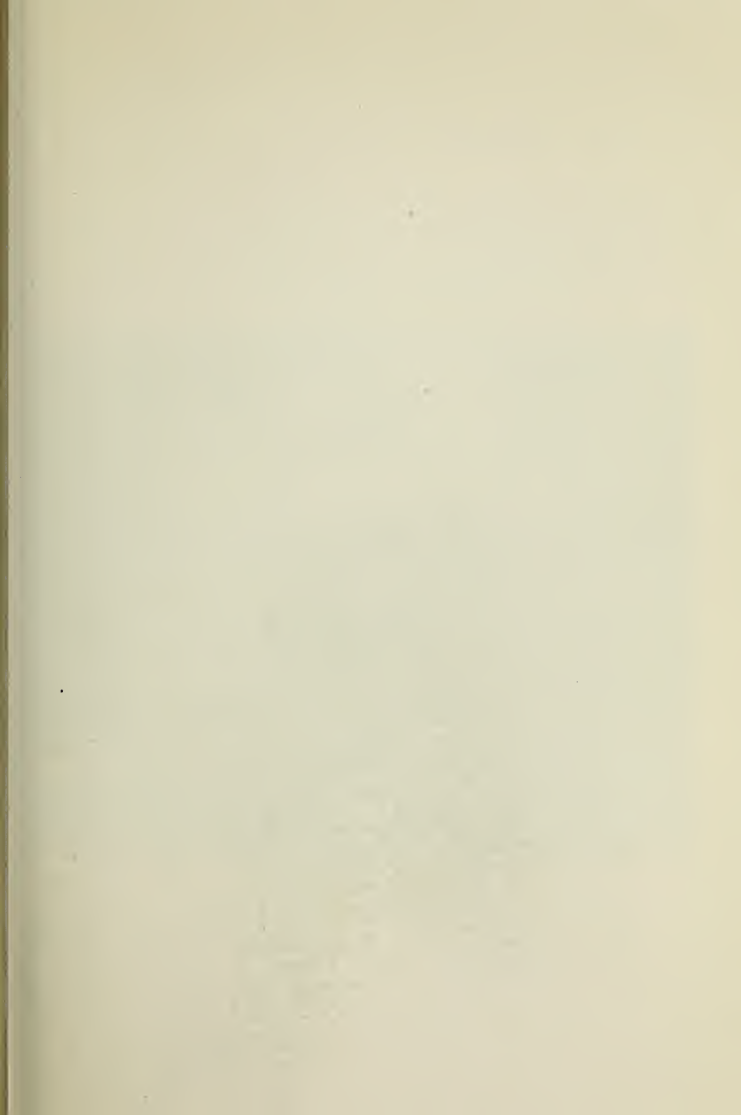
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course ruined by the canal.

The old time garden walks were bordered with the fragrant purple and white fraxinellas, spireas, velvet roses, cabbage roses, sweet briar, spicy shrub, white snow balls, lemon lillies, Canterburry belles, Judas Tree, peonies in great glory, four o'clocks, pinks, purple and white lilacs, laburnam, barberries, lilacs, mignonette, sweet lavender, Jerusalem oak, etc., while the flowering bulbs made the garden gay from early spring to late in autumn. "Whenever I found a specially fine garden in Clinton," said Mrs. George Wood, "I found the plants had originally come from Mrs. Henry Seymour's garden in Utica." Any one who would take a root or cutting and make it grow, was sure to find favor in her eyes. The plants thus exchanged between friends assumed an almost personal individuality and were valued accordingly, while the gardens so carefully cultivated made a pleasant and attractive environment of the quaint old houses.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND HOUSE

Probably one of the oldest houses in the city is the one on Genesee street, built by Watts Sherman, who came here to live in 1802, and as he was prosperous in his affairs it is probable he built this most attractive house, with its beautiful garden, not many





THE KIRKLAND OR GRIDLEY HOUSE

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years afterwards. It consisted originally of the main building and south wing.

When General Joseph Kirkland purchased it and removed here with his family from New Hartford, he added the handsome well-proportioned room on the north side, and added the third story. Mr. Kirkland was the first mayor of the city of Utica, and distinguished himself in that capacity as well as in all other walks of life. During the terrible cholera year, when sixty years of age, he maintained his post, remained in the city which was deserted by so many, and was untiring in brave efforts to stem the tide of this dreaded plague, and to give courage to the terrified inhabitants. Within these walls was reared a family of twelve children, ten of whom lived to manhood and womanhood. Of the sons, Charles P. Kirkland was a noted lawyer in New York, and a leading member of the Oneida County Bar, William Kirkland, a professor of Latin in Hamilton College, while among his sons-in-law were Judge William J. Bacon of Utica, John G. Floyd, Charles Tracy of New York, John G. Holly of Lyons.

The house was afterwards purchased by Judge Philo Gridley, and remained in the possession of his family until 1882, when Dr. Willis E. Ford purchased the house and part of the lot. Stephen Sicard, the

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judge's son-in-law, reserving part of the lot and building a handsome house on the northern side. Its large, well proportioned hall and generous sized parlors have always made it one of Utica's most attractive houses.

Judge Apollos Cooper was one of the enterprising pioneers of central New York, and settled in what is now Oneida county in 1793, as we hear of him as leaving his birthplace in Southampton, L. I., and "poling" up the Mohawk and Fish creek in that year, but in 1794 he came to Fort Schuyler. He was judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and held many offices of public trust. In an address delivered before the Historical Society in Utica a short time ago, by one of the most eminent lawyers of New York City, and a former resident of Utica, this sentiment was expressed: "Of the men who one hundred years ago, in 1794, came from the east and drove their stakes at old Fort Schuyler, there was one among them—Apollos Cooper—whose influence through himself and his posterity has been sovereign all through your history, and even to the present day is benignly felt. To Judge Apollos Cooper we owe the life and fame of one of the brilliant lawyers for whom Utica has been renowned." Mrs. E. A. Graham, the only daughter of Judge Cooper, still survives, and is believed to be the

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oldest native born resident of Utica. From early youth she was one of the chief promoters of that noble charity, the Utica Orphan Asylum, and for nearly fifty years its first directress, resigning that position but a few years since. Judge Apollos Cooper was the lineal descendant of John Cooper, who sailed in the Hopewell for America in 1635. He first went to Lynn, and was made a "freeman" of Boston in 1636. He soon removed to Southampton, L. I., and was one of the twenty heads of families who formed the Association for the Settlers of Southampton in 1637. Southampton was the first town settled by the English in the state of New York. This ancestor was also one of the founders of the New England states. Judge Apollos Cooper purchased in 1794, 115 acres of land from James S. Kip, being a part of Cosby's Manor. A small house was on the land, but Mr. Cooper added to it, and the house which is still standing on Whitesboro street near its junction with Liberty, presents as to the building the same appearance as when Judge Cooper resided there, which he continued to do until his death in 1839. It was never as pretentious as many others, but partook something of the stern simplicity of its puritan founder. The old orchard which surrounded the house until quite recently has now disappeared, but for many years, in its time of

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flower and fruitage, it was a thing of beauty as well as a landmark. The Cooper farm extended from the river on the north to Genesee street at its junction with Cornelia on the southeast, which street Mr. Cooper named for his only daughter. The Cooper farm covered most of the city now comprised in the third ward.

BROAD STREET OF LONG AGO

A gentlewoman of the olden school, a native of Utica, and long a resident of the city, has written the following reminiscences. Of the circle that clustered around Broad street forty or fifty years ago there is no better representative to be found among the living than in the gracious personality of the writer of these recollections, Mrs. E. T. Throop Martin, of Willow Brook, Auburn, N. Y.

In the early settlement of Utica, Broad street was a desirable place of residence. Many of the lots on which dwelling houses were erected belonged to the estate of Mr. Bleecker of Albany, and were a part of the inheritance of his daughter, Mrs. Maria Miller, from whom the purchasers derived their title.

Broad street was not great in extent, but its width was generously planned. The dwelling houses erected both on the north and south side were built

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to suit the convenience of their owners. A few of them were stately and commodious, yet modest in external decoration, while others were suited to the requirements of families with moderate means of living. These families included many of the distinguished citizens of the State, and any lack of adornment in the externals of their homes was made up in the quality of the inmates.

Among these early and honored residents were Judge Jonas Platt, Abraham Varick, Richard Lansing, Rev. Henry Anthon, Hon. Ezekiel Bacon, Thomas H. Hubbard, John H. Ostrom, Zephania Platt, William Williams, John C. Devereux, Samuel Stocking, James H. Hackett, Alfred Van Santvoord, Joab Stafford, James Dana, Ebenezer Shearman and Orrin Clark; while at a later day among the residents of Broad street were Hon. Hiram Denio, Bleecker B. Lansing, Thomas R. Walker, Thomas Skinner, Abram Shepard, Elizur Goodrich, Henry White, Harvey Barnard, Theodore P. Ballou, Joseph Porter, Charles A. Mann, Truman K. Butler, George Dana, John Francis, Ezra Barnum, A. G. Dauby, Samuel Lightbody and John Williams.

As the century draws to its close, with loving reverence for those who once walked our streets and in their departure left to us the memory of their good examples, we would recall their honored names and

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clear away the moss from the memorial stones which record their virtues. On each monument might be engraven the tribute paid to one of them: "The noblest work of God—an honest man."

There were no defaulters among them. Not one who proved faithless to any trust reposed in him; not one who sought his own aggrandizement at the expense of his neighbor, or who filled to overflowing his own coffers regardless of the interests of those around him. "Weighed in the balance," those early dwellers in Broad street were not "found wanting" in the qualities which constitute the good citizens.

Among the most conspicuous of the descendants of the residents of Broad street 70 years ago, are the sons of Col. William Williams and James Dana, whose names are honored throughout the civilized world.

Wherever the Chinese language is spoken or studied or the history of the "Flowery Kingdom" is read, the name of Samuel Wells Williams is known; while the mineral kingdom and its exponents and the coral beds of the sea, which long hid the secret of their history from the world, now bear testimony to the power and skill of the great geologist to unfold the mystery of their construction. Other sons of these families have cut their names high on the tree

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which they have climbed to fame. Many more of the occupants of the dwellings in Broad street deserve honorable mention and we regret that the limited space allotted to this brief "looking backward" will not admit of the tribute justly due to those who have given dignity and renown to our city.

These sons did not grow into a noble manhood without the training hand of the gifted and watchful mother, and this may also be said of the daughters of that period, many of whom still adorn every circle in which they move, distinguished by their intelligence, refinement and high-breeding as well as by their large benevolence and retiring modesty. No doubt these characteristics were the result of a combined effort on the part of the mothers, by precept and example and careful training, to cultivate in their daughters all the virtues and graces which constitute the highest type of womanhood. It was their custom, on the first entrance of their daughters into society, to give them careful instruction in all the amenities of social life, impressing them with what is due from the younger ladies to their elders and reminding them before engaging in the entertainments of the evening to pay due respect to all the elderly ladies of the company.

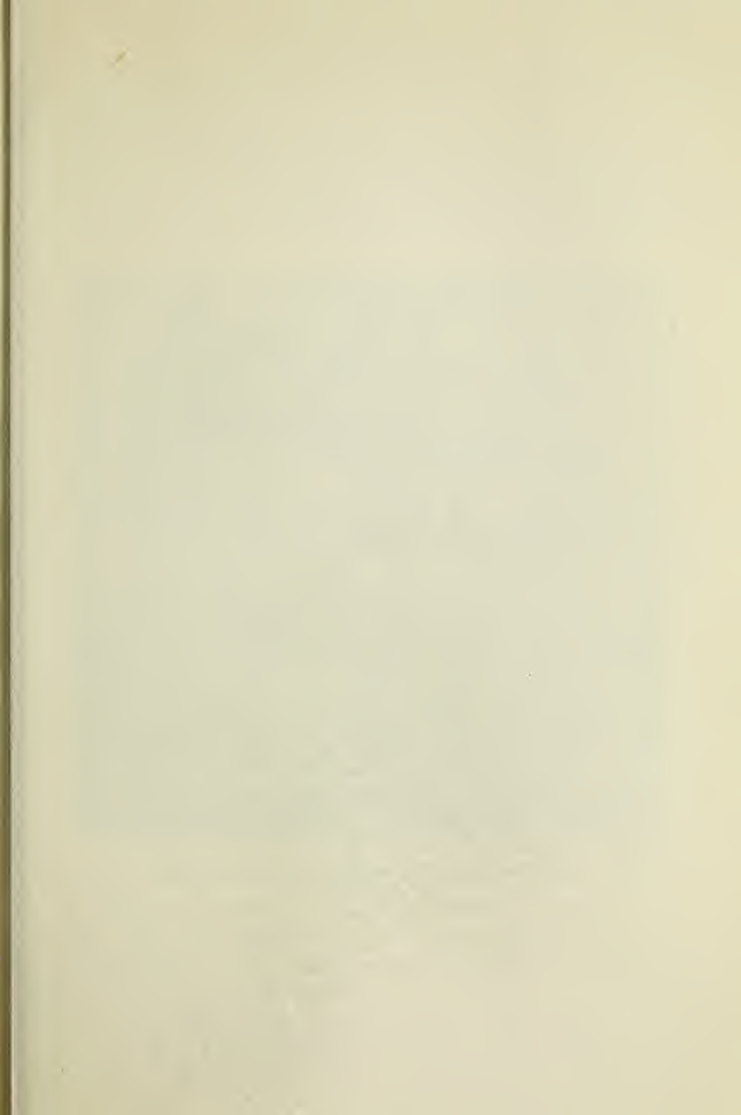
The men and women, who, at an early day, com-

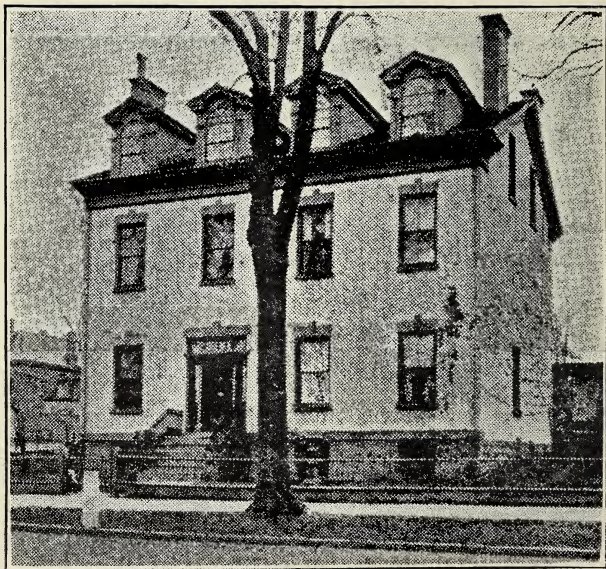
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posed the society of Utica, set up a high standard of morals and manners. Virtue was exalted and vice frowned upon, and truth and sincerity and uprightness in conduct were earnestly if not severely inculcated. What wonder, then, that twice the State of New York selected from this community its first executive officer and that later, the two senators representing the Empire State in Congress at the same time, should chance to be both residents of Utica?

THE MALCOLM HOUSE

On upper Genesee street stands a house, now occupied by Egbert Bagg, whose early occupants belonged to the Revolutionary families of Gen. Schuyler and Gen. Malcolm. Samuel Bayard Malcolm was educated for the law, but his occupation was solely in looking after his wife's estates in Cosby's Manor. He had married Cornelia Van Rensselaer Schuyler, the youngest daughter of Philip Schuyler, of Albany, much against the wishes of her father, and the youthful pair lived in much state and extravagance on this place. The daughter of one of our greatest generals, she was closely allied by ties of blood to the families of Van Rensselaer and Van Cortland, while her older sister was the wife of Alexander Hamilton. Sad and pathetic wa her





MRS. NICHOLAS DEVEREUX, CHANCELLOR SQUARE

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life; the rich heiress became in a short time reduced to almost poverty and, in 1815, after the death of her husband, this place or farm of 120 acres was advertised for sale.

Mrs. Malcolm afterwards married James Cochran and removed to Oswego, where many years later, and when a widow for the second time, she became postmistress in the same place where she had gone as a young girl with her father in 1794, and shared in the adventures of that difficult and romantic expedition. She lived to the age of 76 and died in Oswego, its oldest, as she had been one of its very earliest inhabitants, honored and beloved by all, for her lovely traits of character, her patience and courage in adversity, and for her many intellectual gifts.

"We never drove past this house" writes Doctor Anson J. Upson, "that my mother did not delight in telling me all about her early friends, Rose and Sarah Malcolm."

THE JOHNSON HOUSE

One of the few old houses that remain to us untouched by the hand of time is the somewhat oddly-constructed wooden house on Genesee street, built by John H. Lothrop in 1809, and occupied by him until 1811. Mrs. Clinton, afterwards Mrs. Abram

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Varick, lived in it for a few years when it passed into the hands of Alexander B. Johnson, and is still in the possession of the family. Surrounded by its beautiful garden with its famous pink thorn trees, rare roses and flowering shrubs of all descriptions, the house is still one of the most striking of our old residences. It stands well up from the street on a terrace, its deep stone steps guarded by two frowning lions, which were always objects of terror to youthful minds. Mr. Johnson was known all through the State as an able banker and a man of rare intellectual gifts and attainments. His marriage with the daughter of Charles Adams and the granddaughter of President John Adams brought a delightful circle of friends into his home life, while his high standing as a banker and financier brought him into close intercourse with the leading men of the times.

RECEPTION TO LA FAYETTE

On the morning of June 9, 1825, all the village of Utica was a gay scene of festive activity to honor the nation's guest, the Marquis and General La Fayette. Arches were raised, houses were gaily decorated with flowers and flags, processions were formed, crowds of people from the surrounding country and villages filled the streets. The road

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leading to the west was changed from Rome street to La Fayette. While a general reception and grand review of the troops was held at Shephard's or Bagg's Hotel, a more private reception was held at the Johnson House. The Marquis hearing that the granddaughter of his friend John Adams, whom he had known so well in former days, was living in Utica, requested leave to pay his respects in person, and the ladies of the village were invited to come and be presented to him.

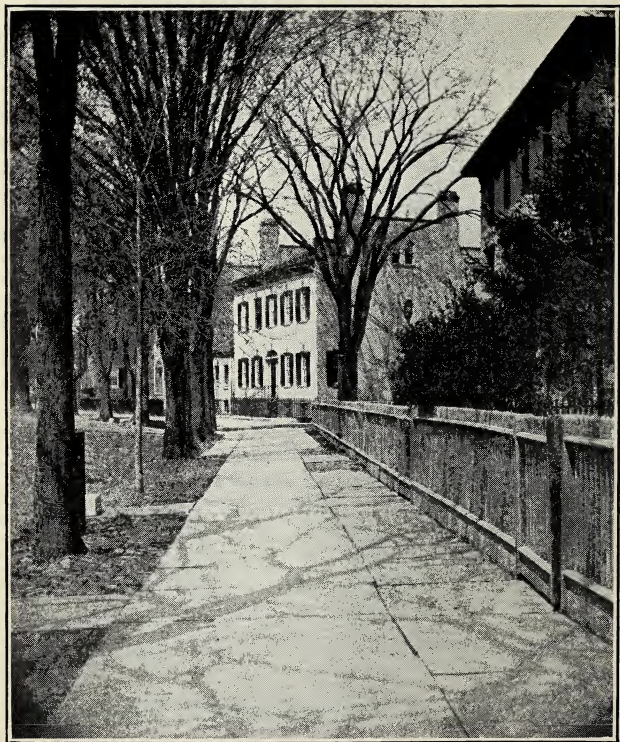
In this little village of Utica La Fayette was to find many army friends and their descendants, although so remote from any of the scenes of war. At Oriskany was Colonel Lansing, who had been at Yorktown, and General Knox, both of whom rode as his escort in the procession, while Mrs. Henry Seymour represented her father, General Jonathan Forman, who had served at Valley Forge and Yorktown with La Fayette, and there were doubtless many others. "I was a young school girl at the time," said her daughter, Mrs. Rutger B. Miller, "and when my mother wished to take me with her to Mrs. Johnson's to be introduced to La Fayette, I foolishly thought it would be far more interesting to see the procession from the top of a building in Genesee street with Mary Kip, afterwards Mrs. Charles P. Kirkland, than to go to the reception,

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and how often have I most deeply regretted my decision. My mother was much overcome at seeing the general and could scarcely command her voice to ask him if he remembered her father, but he instantly recalled him as having been one of his lieutenants at Valley Forge."

Charles D. Miller, of Geneva, N. Y., writes in reference to this visit: "Brother Rutger took all of his little brothers and introduced us to the general at Bagg's hotel. We shook hands with him. He was tall, distinguished, gentlemanly and handsome. Pictures of him were extensively sold and adorned many houses. Later on in the day our old waiter, Jimmy Lang, took me (I was about six years old) to the canal bridge at Third street, under which the boat carrying the General and his staff was to pass. I sat on the railing, and at the right minute I poured a basket of flowers from our old Main street garden over his head. He picked up some of them, stuck two or three in his button hole, and looked up with a smile of thanks. Jimmy and I were as proud as though we had been the marquis himself. Captain William Clarke's horses were the handsomest horses in Utica at that time, so they were harnessed to Mrs. Henry Seymour's barouche, which had been painted and varnished for the occasion, and was placed at the service of the General. The driver





THE HENRY SEYMOUR HOUSE, WHITESBORO STREET

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was a black man, your grandfather Seymour's coachman, whose name I do not recall, although he has been to see me, and his daughter lives here in Geneva. This carriage was the one General Forman had brought up from New Jersey when they came to settle in Cazenovia, and was the first thing of the kind to go over these rough corduroy roads. We used it afterwards on the "Hill." I used to drive your Grandmother Miller down to the Dutch church. It was hung very high, and the carpeted steps let down like a step-ladder."

In a memoir of the late Mrs. Thomas R. Walker is also an interesting account of the reception at the Johnson house for La Fayette, where a collation was served and a few distinguished people assembled. The marquis exchanged pleasant greetings with his friends, and afterwards went into the house of Arthur Breeze, directly next to the Johnson place. He also went to the house of Captain Clarke, then president of the village, and whose house stood on Genesee street where the Second National bank has since been built. His son, Thomas Allen Clarke, then a little boy, was lifted up to be kissed by the general, and was a proud and happy boy forever after. Probably never again will Utica have the opportunity to give such a greeting to a man so distinguished in Europe and America, and whose history reads like

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a romance, blended with the stern realities of two revolutions—the most fearful struggles for life and liberty.

At the eastern end of Broad street stands a house far surpassing any other in Utica, for its association with the revolutionary hero, Colonel Benjamin Walker. It was known for many years as the Colonel Walker place, but is more familiar to those of the present day as the Wager place and the Culver place. Colonel Benjamin Walker, an Englishman by birth, was educated in France, and from his knowledge of the French language was appointed aide to Baron Von Steuben at Valley Forge in 1777, and translated his orders to our American soldiers. He was afterwards on Washington's staff, and served with distinction all through the war. He and Colonel North became part of Von Steuben's family, and at the baron's death became his heirs. In 1797 Colonel Walker was appointed agent for the estate of Lady Bath, in the western part of New York state, which led him to remove from the city of New York to the village of Utica, where he laid out the beautiful grounds and built the ample house which still stands as a monument to his good taste and cultivation. Here he lived in much state and elegance, with his three slaves for house servants, besides the men employed on the place. His coach

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is said to have been the first one ever used in Utica, and he always exercised a most genial hospitality, while his interest in the general welfare of the little village was unceasing. He was one of the earliest founders and pew holders of old Trinity church, securing for the corporation a gift of land from Lady Bath and subscribing liberally himself. He was always present in his pew at church, which was generally full, for he was rarely without guests, whose attendance at church in the morning was as much a matter of course as the Sunday dinner in the afternoon and the game of whist in the evening.

The grounds surrounding this house were laid out with much taste, and the two beautiful pepperidge trees in front of his house were marked features of the lawn, and grew to a large size. They were planted by the Colonel himself, as were also the large pines at the rear of the house, and the hawthorne hedge which surrounded the entire place. The cheerful white wooden house, with its handsome hall and spacious rooms, is familiar to many of our citizens, and the hospitality that was built into its walls originally, never failed to offer a welcome and cheer to all comers when occupied by its successive owners, the Bours, the Sewards, the Wagers and the Culvers.

The house was sold to his son-in-law, Peter Bours,

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who built the house on Broad street, afterward occupied by the families of Mr. Varick, Mrs. Breeze, Mrs. George S. Dana, G. Clarence Churchill and Truman K. Butler. After the latter's brief occupancy the Walker house was used as a school by Madame Despard, and was much frequented by the incipient belles of the village. Among the list of scholars we find the names of Frances Hunt (Mrs. George H. Throop), Frances Lothrop (Mrs. Lathrop), Jane Lynch, Mary Kip (Mrs. Charles P. Kirkland), Mary Seymour (Mrs. Rutger B. Miller), Sophia Seymour (Mrs. Edward F. Shonnard), and many others.

The beaux of the village were not slow in finding out that the walk out Broad street was one of the pleasantest in town, and one of the wits of the day, John H. Lothrop, is said to have asked if the old Walker place was not a genteel institute for young gentlemen as well as a ladies' seminary.

The last occupant of this famous house was Abram E. Culver, who purchased it in 1856 and resided there until his death in 1885. The house and grounds remained practically unchanged with the exception of throwing two rooms into one and extending the piazzas.

At Colonel Walker's death in 1818 Abram Varick, Nathan Williams and Judge Morris S. Miller were





FIREPLACE AND MANTEL IN SEYMOUR HOUSE

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named as executors of his will, and in the letter book of the latter are many interesting letters written to announce the death of his friend. To the nephew of Mrs. Walker, Mr. William H. Robinson, of New York, he writes: "In the death of Colonel Walker, his immediate friends and connections have met a severe and irreparable loss. The public calamity is sensibly felt here. For myself I have lost one of my oldest and most steadfast friends to whose experience and good counsels I have been much indebted for many years past. He was a man of the most enlarged and active benevolence I ever saw."

Colonel Walker died in 1818. In June, 1875, his remains, with those of Dr. John Cochran, were removed from the old cemetery on Whitesboro street to Forest Hill. The following account taken from the Utica Herald gives the interesting details of this impressive military and religious ceremony, while the letter from Rutger B. Miller gives the personal recollections of one who as a boy had seen and admired these heroes of bygone days.

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MRS. DESPARD'S

BOARDING SCHOOL,

FOR THE

EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

TERMS.

Board, with English Tuition, \$37 50 per Quarter.

Washing, an additional charge.

...@...@...

TUITION.

English in all its Branches, Writing, Arithmetic, and Plain Sewing	} \$10 00
French,	8 00
Instruction and use of Globes,	1 25
Fine Needle-Work,	4 00
Tambour,	2 00
Stationary, including Pens, Ink, &c.	1 50
Fuel per Annum,	1 00

Entrance, \$2.

PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

...@...@...

VELVET PAINTING, taught in the most approved manner,
Proper Masters for MUSIC, DRAWING, and DANCING, will be en-
gaged, when a sufficient number of pupils can be obtained.
Each Young Lady to provide her own Bed, Bedding,
Towels, Table and Tea Spoons.

Utica, Nov. 26, 1822.

[From Utica Morning Herald June 14, 1875]

HONORSTOTHEDEAD

Our Revolutionary Heroes

TRANSFER OF THE REMAINS OF COL. WALKER AND MEDICAL DIRECTOR COCHRAN TO FOREST HILL CEMETERY—AN IMPOSING PAGEANT—DISTINGUISHED PARTICIPANTS—INTERESTING EXERCISES—ADDRESS BY HON. ERASTUS CLARK—REMINISCENCES OF THE DEPARTED—LEFT IN REPOSE ON SUMMIT VIEW, JUNE 14, 1875.

The centennial anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, will be remembered by Uticans for a long time on account of the peculiarly interesting ceremonial that occurred upon that day, within our city, which was directly connected with the revolutionary war. In accordance with the arrangements heretofore announced, the remains of Col. Benjamin Walker and Medical Director John Cochran, men who took an active part in the revolution, with those of their wives, were transferred from the old burying ground on Water street, to Forest Hill Cemetery, under the auspices and direction of the Cemetery Association and the relatives of the deceased.

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THE PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS

were in charge of Hon. William J. Bacon, president of the association, Dr. M. M. Bagg and John F. Seymour, Esq., the committee appointed for this purpose. In perfecting the details, these gentlemen were ably assisted by Undertaker Douglass. The admirable arrangement of the ceremonial, in every respect, was creditable to that gentleman in the highest degree. As announced yesterday, the remains were disinterred on Wednesday, put into neat caskets and placed in Mr. Douglass' parlors, on Broad street. The apartments were appropriately draped with American flags and the caskets were covered with the national colors. The plates found with the remains of Colonel Walker and wife have been described. Dr. Cochran's casket was marked with a plate bearing the following inscription, copied in part from the tablet over his grave:

Dr. John Cochran
Died April, 1807
In the 77th year of his age
Gertrude Cochran,
his wife,
Died March, 1813
In the 89th year of her age

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At 1.30 p.m. General Dering and staff reported at the place of assembling, and at 2 p.m. there was quite a gathering of distinguished officials and citizens, clergymen and members of the medical profession. General John Cochran, grandson of Dr. Cochran, his sister, Mrs. Ellen Walter, eldest daughter of Walter L. Cochran, and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Walter, arrived in this city yesterday morning. They sat at the head of the remains of their relatives, and were introduced to the pallbearers and other gentlemen present by Dr. Bagg. Among the officials in attendance was Col. Villanueva, comptroller of the Spanish Ordnance Commission, in full uniform and wearing a number of decorations of honor. The military companies arrived with commendable promptness, took their line on Broad street, under the direction of Major Peattie.

MILITARY HONORS

A little after 2 p.m. the Old Utica Band began a dirge, and the caskets were borne from the undertaking rooms by members of the staffs of the Utica Citizens' Corps and the Adjutant Bacon Cadets, along the line to the left and returned to the hearses at the right. These vehicles were decorated with plumes, and each was drawn by four handsome

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gray horses. As the remains of the heroes passed the line, citizens uncovered their heads, the colors were dipped and the military presented arms. A vast crowd was congregated about the spot, and all seemed impressed with the solemnity of the scene.

THE PALL BEARERS

The gentlemen selected to act as pall-bearers, represented the most venerable and prominent citizens of Utica, representatives of a chain in the history of our city that is fast losing its links.

Following are their names:

A. G. Dauby,	Ezra S. Barnum,
J. E. Warner,	J. C. DeLong,
Harry Camp,	Theo. S. Faxton,
James Sayre,	Martin Hart,
George Hopper,	Alrick Hubbell,
J. A. Shearman,	John Stevens,
David Lewis,	Owen O'Neil.

THE PAGEANT

About 2.30 p.m. the procession moved up Genesee street in the following order:

Police
General Dering and Staff
Colonel Young and Staff
Regimental Band

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Major Peattie and Staff

Utica Veteran Zouaves

Utica Dering Guards

Utica Fire Zouaves

Old Utica Band

Colonel Davies and Staff

Hearse containing the remains of Colonel Walker

Utica Citizens' Corps as Guard of Honor

Hearse containing the remains of Surgeon Cochran

Adjutant Bacon Cadets as Guard of Honor

Officiating Clergymen and Speakers

Pall Bearers

General John Cochran and other relatives of the
deceased

President Bacon, Dr. M. M. Bagg and John F.
Seymour, Committee

Forest Hill Cemetery Association

Senators and Members of the Judicial Corps

Colonel Villaneuva of Spanish Ordnance Commission

President Gray and members of the Medical As-
sociation

Common Council

Police and Fire Commissioners

Representatives of the Press

Citizens in Carriages

The military marched with reversed arms, the
bands playing dirges. The Corps and Cadets

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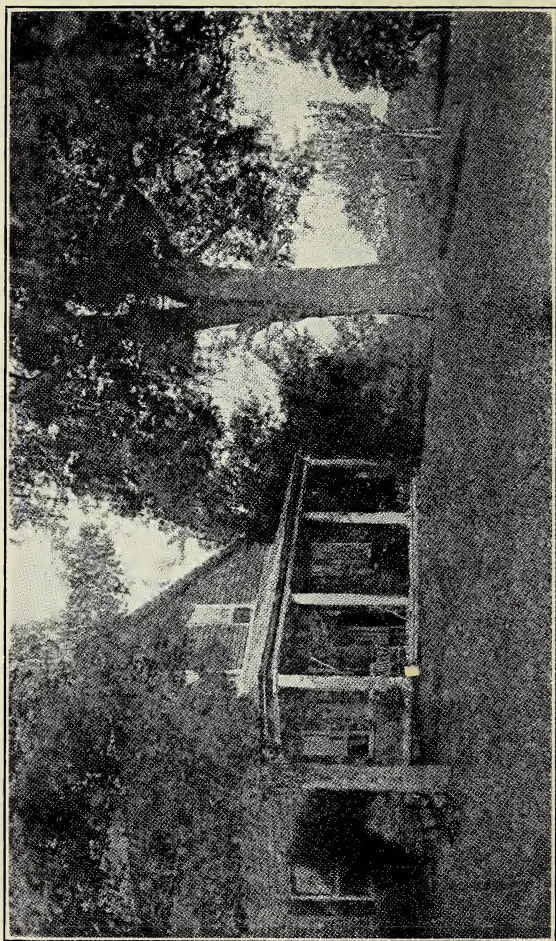
formed hollow squares surrounding the remains, the colorbearers of each following the hearse. The ranks of the companies were full, and the display in every respect was one of the most solemn and imposing that has ever been seen in Utica.

ALONG THE LINE

All the flags of the city were placed at half-mast after noon, and many business houses and residences were draped with the national colors. The pageant attracted a large number of persons. Three sections of police led the procession, freeing the street of vehicles and other obstructions. At Oneida Square the military took the cars and rode to Prospect street, where the line was reformed and marched to Forest Hill.

AT THE CEMETERY

There was a goodly number of persons at the cemetery in advance of the procession. The grounds were in beautiful order and the coolness of the day tempted many people to visit them. The site of the new resting-place of the heroes' remains is in the new addition, the highest point, at a spot that might appropriately be called



"GLEN DAVY"

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SUMMIT VIEW

It commands a magnificent panoramic view of the most delightful scenery upon all sides. No more lovely spot can be imagined. The ground is high and at the depth of two feet, the graves were cut into a solid bed of slate. While the procession was slowly winding its way up the main avenue to the graves, our reporter had an opportunity of examining the original tablet and tomb-stones that marked the first resting-places of the dead.

THE TABLETS

The tablet over the grave of Surgeon Cochran and wife is a large flat slab of sandstone. It rested upon a foundation of brick, and bore the following inscription:

Here lie the bodies
of

Dr. John Cochran,
Director General of the Military Hospitals of the
United States in the Revolutionary War,
And of
Gertrude
His Wife

The former died in April, in the year 1807, in the 77th year of his age; and the latter in March, in the year 1813, in the 89th year of her age.

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This monument is erected by their sons, James and
Walter T. Cochran.

The headstones over Col. Walker and wife are of
white sandstone about six feet in height and each
two in width. They bear the following inscriptions:

Sacred
To the Memory of
Col. Benjamin Walker,
who departed this life
Jan. 13, 1818,
Aged 65 years.

Sacred
To the memory of
Mary Walker,
Wife of
Col. Benjamin Walker,
who departed this life
June 17, 1817,
Aged 62 years.

The Cochran tablet is considerably weather-
worn, but only the last line of the inscription was
indistinct. The tablets, head and footstones were
transferred to Forest Hill, and will still mark the
graves. The footstones bear only the names of
Colonel and Mrs. Walker.

It will be observed that Col. Walker's wife died

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just fifty-eight years ago yesterday, a singular coincidence.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE

General Dering formed the military into a hollow square completely encircling the plat about the graves, he and his staff taking positions opposite the platform and seats that had been conveniently arranged by Col. Bagg, superintendent of the cemeteries. The spectators surrounded the militia. After the square was formed, the remains were taken from the hearses and placed over the graves, Col. Walker on the north and Surgeon Cochran on the south, both facing due west.

General Cochran stood by the graves, and the ladies of his party remained in their carriage on account of fatigue and illness. The venerable pall bearers, with a larger number of aged residents of Utica than has ever been called together by any other occasion, sat in a semi-circle around the platform. The majority of the number have passed three score years and ten, and all of them are closely connected with the growth, thrift and prosperity of Utica. The other distinguished guests surrounded the semi-circle.

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THE EXERCISES

The ceremonies at the graves did not begin until 4.40 p.m. At that time the Old Band played an appropriate dirge, and the caskets enclosed in cases were lowered into the new graves.

Judge Bacon, president of the Forest Hill Cemetery Association, presided over the exercises. Addressing the audience he said:

We are assembled here on this eventful day to pay honors to the remains of men who played no inconsiderable parts in the great struggles of the revolution. There were few more fitting occasions than on this, which it was proper to invoke the presence and blessing of the Heavenly Father.

Rev. Dr. Fowler made a prayer appropriate to the occasion.

President Bacon said he did not intend to anticipate the remarks to be made by others, but it might be proper to say that the exercises of the day were in accordance with propositions made by the association about two years ago. A committee was appointed to carry into effect the project. Among the first originators of the idea was the late James Watson Williams. The details of the project had been mainly carried into operation by the labors of Dr. Bagg, to whom great credit is due.

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HON. RUTGER B. MILLER'S REMINISCENCES

President Bacon said Hon. Rutger B. Miller had prepared a few interesting reminiscences. That gentleman was absent from the city, but his response to the committee's invitation would be read by his and everybody's friend, John F. Seymour.

Mr. Seymour said it was about a year ago since steps were commenced towards arranging for the transfer of the remains of the revolutionary heroes. Permission was not obtained until too late for last year. An unfortunate accident had prevented him from taking a very active part in the work, and the chief labor had devolved upon Dr. Bagg, to whom great credit was due. Among the letters received were the following, which he read:

ELMWOOD, Boonville, June 14, 1875.

J. F. SEYMOUR, DR. M. M. BAGG, Committee.

Gentlemen: I hasten to comply with your polite attention, requesting me to furnish familiar details within my recollection, relative to the social life of Colonel Benjamin Walker and Dr. John Cochran, whose remains are to be removed from the old burying ground, in the city of Utica, to Forest Hill Cemetery.

Colonel Walker built and resided in the old mansion now occupied by Mr. Abraham E. Culver, and

A SKETCH OF OLD UTICA

from my earliest boyhood I remember seeing the Englishman of the olden time riding daily on his old war horse, "Hector," from his residence to the "village," as Utica was then called. He often stopped at the door of our house to bid good day, and a few hours after, Mrs. Walker passed in her English carriage with green Venetian blinds, and Simon on the box looking as important as King Dahomey.

Colonel Walker was eminently social and jovial in his temperament, and yet rigidly systematic and punctual in matters of business—uniting the characteristics of a military man with those of an Englishman, whether "on 'change," or at the dinner table, or at church. He was one of the founders of "Old Trinity," and occupied a pew near my father's which was usually full, for the colonel was rarely without guests, whose attendance at church in the morning was as much a religious observance as the Sunday dinner in the afternoon and a game of whist in the evening.

He adopted the son and two daughters of Mrs. Robinson, who was the sister of Mrs. Walker for whom he provided with paternal care and generosity from an ample fortune left him by Baron Steuben, whose aide-de-camp he was during the revolutionary war. Madame De Hautville, afterward

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Madame Combe, was his only child, to whom he left his estate by will. She was educated in France, and lived there except during a few years after the restoration of the Bourbons, when Colonel Combe of the Old Guard (*"qui meurt, mais ne se rend pas"*), fled to this country and resided in the brick chateau (still standing on Broad street), which he built. On the accession of Louis Phillipe, Colonel Combe vanished at a moment's warning and his wife soon followed. At the siege of Constantine, Combe fell at the head of his regiment, and Madame Combe soon followed her hero to the grave, her property escheating to the state for want of heirs.

Colonel Walker was a man of medium size, well proportioned, active, energetic; stern in exacting from others the strict performance of duty, in which he never failed himself, with a hand open as day for melting charity, he was a strict accountant; and rigidly economical in his expenditures while living generously and freely contributing to the enjoyments of social life and elegant hospitality, of which his house was headquarters. The dinner table was his natural element, surrounded by choice spirits like James Cochran, Walter Cochran, Kirkpatrick, Kip, Jeremiah and James Van Rensselaer, Brodhead, etc., all "glorious o'er all the ills of life victorious." Although not a humorist, he enjoyed a hearty laugh,

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and a good story and song, and was long and loud in his plaudits and encores.

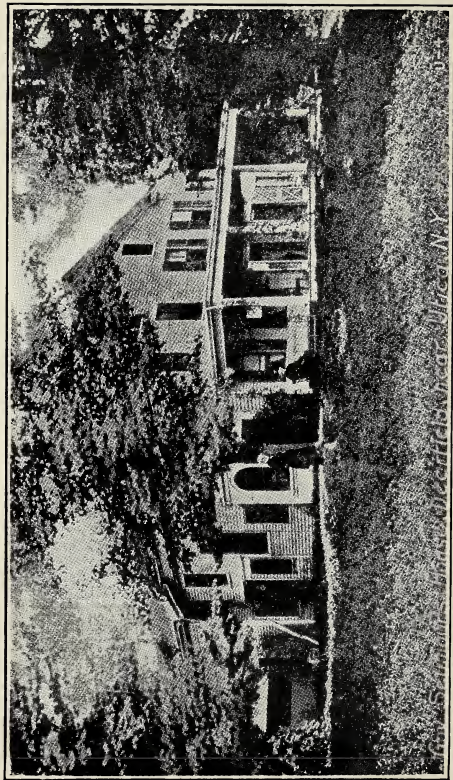
THE COCHRAN FAMILY

I have no recollection of ever seeing Dr. John Cochran, the grandfather of James and John Cochran and their sisters. But I well remember Major James Cochran, formerly of Palatine; his brother, Captain Walter Cochran; his wife, the daughter of Peter Smith, of Peterboro, and all their children. I shall never forget the match between Walter L. Cochran and Cornelia Smith, who came driving up to our old house, at the foot of Main street, in a gig and tandem, one fine day.

Walter Cochran was one of the most polished gentlemen I ever saw in his social education. His after-dinner songs were "music's own," and I have seen a party at one time melted to tears, and at another roaring with laughter, as he chose to impress them with grief or joy.

Mrs. Cochran was a lady of marked character; distinguished as much for her conversational power and impressive manners, as her brothers Peter and Gerrit for their eloquence and oratory in public speaking.

The ladies of Utica loved to hear her conversation as much as the gentlemen loved to hear the songs



GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S HOUSE, DEERFIELD

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of her husband. Boy as I was at this period, I loved to sit upon a bench in the parlor and listen to her while passing an afternoon and evening with my mother, whose fireside was cheered "many a time and oft" by the unceremonious visits of this magnificent lady, whose four daughters, Mrs. Walter, Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Kemys and Mrs. Biddle, still live to represent her. She had three sons, John, James and Peter, the two former surviving.

The mention of their names, bringing the light of other days around me, reminds me of an incident, which illustrates the change which time has produced in men and manners generally during the past sixty years. Walter Cochran, the father of the boys, was a cousin of Stephen Van Rensselaer, patroon of Albany, their mothers being sisters, of the Livingston family. Stephen Van Rensselaer was president of the Board of Canal Commissioners, who were holding a meeting at Bagg's hotel, say about the year 1820. After morning service, on Sunday, my father took me with him to pay his respects to the patroon and other commissioners. While in the patroon's parlor, Walter Cochran, with John, James and Peter, were announced and admitted. Walter saluted the patroon in his usual graceful manner, and introduced John, James and Peter. Jesse, their negro boy, had washed their

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faces and put on a clean collar for each of them but he had not brushed their shoes, and preferred to send them barefoot rather than with dirty shoes. It was not unusual for boys to go barefoot in the streets of Utica at that time; it was considered rather effeminate and girlish to wear shoes in warm weather, and the boys felt as easy without shoes as they would have felt with them, and perhaps easier.

In regard to Major James Cochran, I remember dining with him at his residence at Palatine, on the Mohawk river, where he lived, a bachelor, in a spacious house. He afterwards moved to Utica, in very straitened circumstances. His friends here obtained for him the office of justice of the peace and notary public, from which he derived a scanty support. His office was on Broad, near Genesee street. He married his cousin, Mrs. Malcolm, a daughter of General Schuyler.

Gerrit Smith induced them to go to Oswego, and after Major Cochran's death, Mrs. Cochran was appointed postmistress, and one of her sons is now living there in good business. She was a remarkable woman, and abounding in charity to the poor, who attended her funeral in large numbers.

Major Cochran once represented Montgomery county in Congress, and was a very interesting and intelligent man in conversation, and his society was

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sought for his general information in regard to the early history of the country, and high social culture.

You have asked for "familiar details," gentlemen, and I have given such as occur to me, offhand and without time for reflection or research. When I think of these good old times in Utica

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

Respectfully,

RUTGER B. MILLER.

DUST TO DUST AGAIN

At the conclusion of the reading, Rev. Dr. Van Deusen recited the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal church, and pronounced the benediction.

FINALE

A detachment of the Utica Veteran Zouaves, under the command of Lieutenant Thelwin Jones, fired a volley over the graves, and the solemn ceremonies were at an end.

The exercises were concluded at 6 p.m. The military marched to Genesee street and the street cars. The procession was reformed on Oneida

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square, and a very handsome parade was made down Genesee street. The line was reviewed by General Dering and staff in front of the Butterfield House, and the companies returned to their armories. The officers and members of the various companies deserve the thanks and compliments expressed in another column by the committee of the Cemetery Association. They never appeared to better advantage.

AN OLD DOCUMENT

Colonel Walker at one time owned the ground upon which the *Herald* office now stands. Alexander Seward, Esq., has placed in our hands well preserved articles of agreement between Colonel Walker and Asahel Seward, made July 1, 1815, in the village of Utica, and witnessed by Peter Bours. The agreement was between the makers to set aside two and a half feet from their lots which adjoined to form the five feet passage, fifty feet in length, to the rear of the lots of the present No. 58 and 60 Genesee street, that existed until the *Herald* buildings were remodeled. In consideration of the sum of \$100, Asahel Seward was permitted to extend his building over the whole of this passage from the first story upwards. The agreement states that both parties to it intended to build upon their re-

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spective lots at the time it was made. The premises, No. 58 Genesee street, still belong to the Seward family.

Hon. John Cochran, of New York, writes the following interesting account of what may be called the Legend of Miller's Bridge, only unlike most legends, it is absolutely true.

"There had come about these days to Utica the Rev. William Woodbridge, the father, I believe, of the author of the Woodbridge geography, upon which we used to whet our youthful beaks, and to whom Dr. Bagg refers in his "Pioneers of Utica." He was a round, bulbous little man, who opened a school for boys and girls in Utica, and having been the preceptor of my mother, he became an inmate of our house. To us youngsters passing under his rod he was known as Daddy Woodbridge. Now Daddy Woodbridge, wishing to make a visit across the river in Deerfield, a steady old farm horse was procured for him and in the morning of a leisure day he started upon his trip over Miller's bridge, purposing to return the same way at night. In the meantime, during the day the bridge was dismantled, leaving its string pieces bare from shore to shore. Doctor Woodbridge returned as he had intended during the night, and my father first seeing him at breakfast in the morning asked him in surprise which way he

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had returned: "Oh," said he, "by the same way I went!" "Impossible," said my father; "the bridge was dismantled yesterday." Dr. Woodbridge was incredulous, and still resisting the conviction of his error, it was proposed to go down to the bridge. Accordingly my father, my mother, Dr. Woodbridge and my brother James (from whom I had this anecdote), went to the bridge, when seeing that his horse must in the dark night have borne him over the river in safety, unconscious of his danger, on the naked string pieces of the bridge, the Doctor fainted away."

Where the Mohawk in the good old days intersected the Cherry Valley Turnpike, stood the ruins of a bridge that had been built by Rensselaer Schuyler, a son of the Revolutionary General Schuyler. Its acceptance depended on the condition of the safe transit of a carriage as a test of its completion. One day your grandfather, Judge Miller, was abruptly greeted by Mr. Schuyler with his characteristic brusque manner, "Come, Judge, get into your carriage quickly and drive over the bridge before it falls." The carriage passed over, and the bridge having been accepted, was afterwards known as "Miller's Bridge."

THE DUTCH CHURCH

The Holland or Dutch settlers of this country brought with them the strongest attachment to their national church, and we are not surprised to find it very firmly established in New York, Albany and Kingston, and in fact wherever their settlements existed. The patroons of New York were required by the terms of their charter from the West India Company to establish a church for their people—who loved their liturgy, psalms and hymn in their own language, and did not readily assimilate with the English colonists. Their church records were most carefully preserved, of marriages, births and deaths, and to this day form a valuable reference record of the early settlers. The origin of the Reformed Dutch church in Utica must be traced over the Mohawk River to Deerfield, where as early as in 1802 Dominie Spinner, or, as he was appropriately called, “Father Spinner,” established a Sunday school. It was taught by Dominie Marshall, a learned divine of the Lutheran church, who had served as chaplain to the king of Prussia for fifteen years in Berlin. In 1806 Father Spinner took charge of it, while still continuing his work in Herkimer. He had come from Germany towards the end of the last century, where he had been a monk, but after-

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wards renounced the Roman Catholic Church and became a Protestant clergyman. He was a man greatly beloved by his people, of fine presence, courtly manners, and most scholarly attainments. He was missionary for all this region, and held services in private houses, as well as halls and wherever he could get the people to come. When the church was formally organized in 1825, under Mr. Labagh, services were held in Washington Hall on the corner of John and Broad streets. Nicholas G. Weaver and Adam Brouwer were its elders. In 1827 Rev. John Schermerhorn came as a missionary, and with Abram Varick, Charles C. Brodhead, Captain William Clarke, organized a building committee. A lot was donated at the head of John street by Mrs. Morris S. Miller, but was afterwards exchanged for one on the south-east corner of John and Broad street, where the church was built and dedicated in June, 1830. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, of Albany, Rev. Dr. Yates, Rev. Drs. Schermerhorn, Brouwer and Bethune assisting in the services. It must be remembered that it was still a mission church, without a clergyman in charge or money to defray the current expenses, until in November of this same year when Rev. George W. Bethune was called and accepted the charge of this newly organized parish, and the more clearly to es-

tablish the doctrine and precepts of the Reformed Dutch Church, such clergymen as the Revs. John DeWitt, Westbrook, Milledollar, Gosman and Thomas DeWitt, were invited each to spend a Sunday here to fill the pulpit. Dr. Bethune's talents were of a high order; gifted with eloquence, a lover of music and poetry, he was well fitted to draw forth the deep and lasting attachment of his people. An ardent disciple of Sir Isaac Walton, he shared with him the love of field, forest and flood. His mission church at the Thousand Islands testified to his love for the wandering sheep in the Wilderness.

His only too brief pastorate ended in 1834, but his memory endures as one of the lasting treasures of the church. He died in Florence, Italy, in 1862, and on the Sunday preceding his death he preached in the American chapel a sermon on the Resurrection. His remains were brought home for burial, and so far as possible the minute directions concerning his funeral were carried out.

“Put on me my pulpit gown and bands, with my pocket bible in my right hand. I have had pleasant Christian fellowship with all denominations, so let my pall bearers be taken from among them, and let a scarf be sent to Dr. Vinton of Trinity, and Dr.

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Smyth Pyne of St. John's, Washington, D.C.* Dr. Hutton and Mr. Willetts to speak, not in eulogy, but in such terms of affection as they may choose, testifying to my love of preaching the simple gospel and that for my Master's honor, not mine. Dr. Ferris to read the sentences from the funeral service prepared by me in the Reformed Dutch Church Liturgy. Braun's funeral chant from 15 Corinthians. Also my own hymn to a cheerful tune:

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
It is not death to close
The eyes long dimmed with tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
Jesus thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die,
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

At the close, Homman's great doxology: Now

*All the pall bearers formerly wore white scarfs at the funeral and often on the following Sunday, when they sat together to listen to the funeral sermon.

unto Him that loved us and brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ."

The choirs objected that the music chosen was too joyful to be suitable to the mournfulness of the occasion, but it was evident Dr. Bethune did not wish his funeral to be over sad. He who had led such a life of joyful thanksgiving, would have his death brightened by the sunshine of the Resurrection. When he was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at the end of a beautiful September day, the bright rays of a gorgeous autumnal sunset made his grave seem glorious with almost heavenly light. A tablet to his memory erected through the efforts of Mrs. Dean, with a touching inscription by her son, Rev. Dr. Upson, bears fitting tribute to his memory in the church he had helped to build.

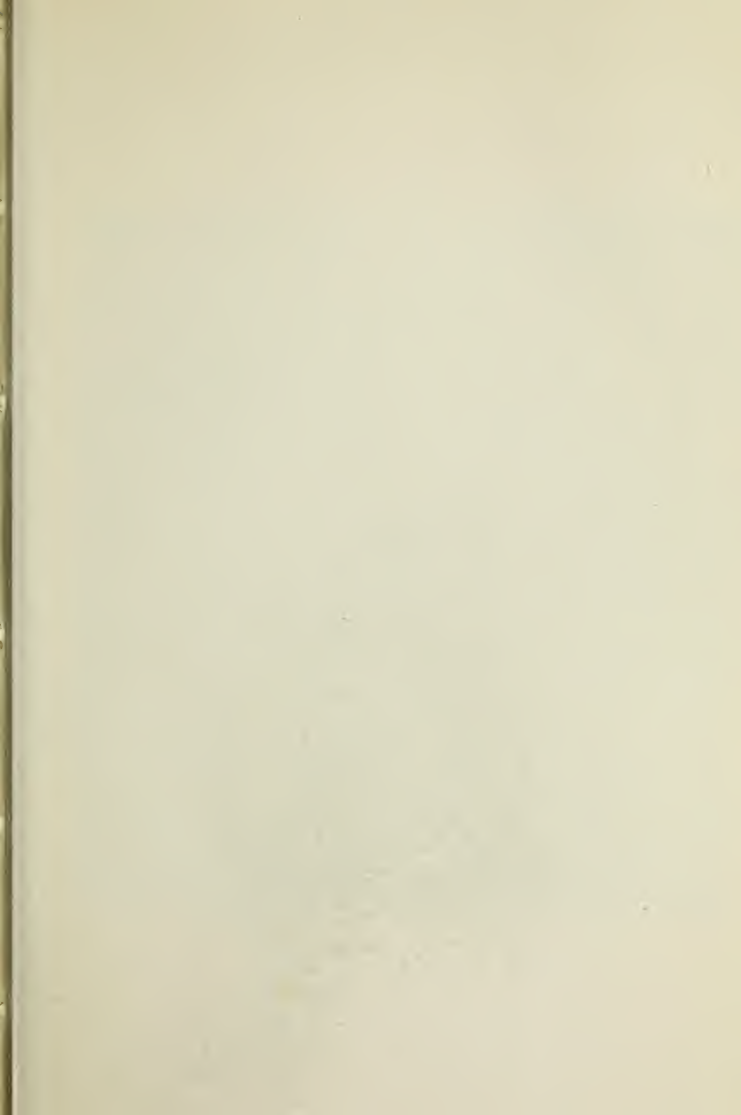
The last service held in this church was in October, 1866, when addresses were given commemorating the individuals who had been identified with its early days. Among the names are those of Abram Varick, whose unfailing generosity tided the parish over many a dark day, Charles C. Brodhead, Rufus North, Captain William Clarke, Justus H. Rathbone, Joseph Kirkland, Joshua C. Spencer, P. Sheldon Root, George M. Weaver, Thomas E. Clarke, Charles A. Mann, Judges Gridley, Savage and Bacon, Mrs. Morris S. Miller, Mrs. Henry Seymour,

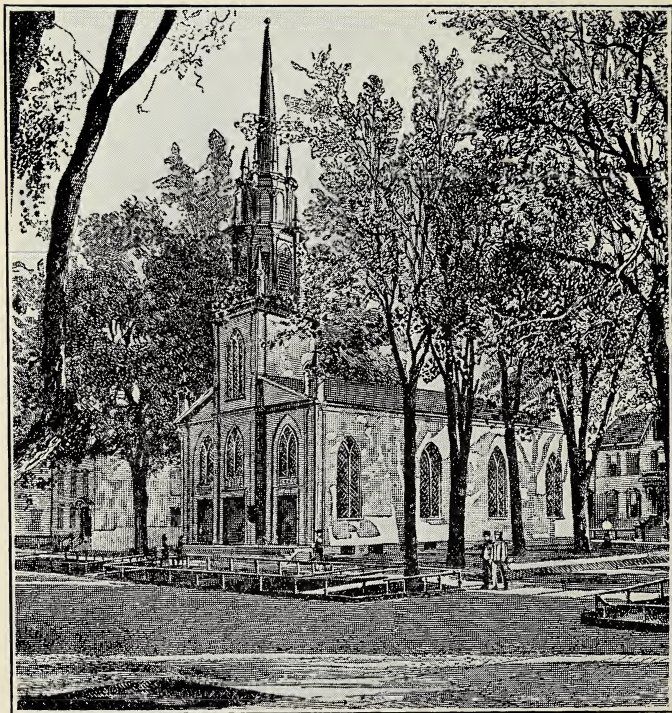
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Dr. Brigham, William Walcott, Samuel Stocking, Kellogg Hurlburt, Silas D. Childs Edward S. Brayton, John F. Symour, George S. Dana, Thomas R. Walker.

I think the services were never held in the Dutch language in this church, but in Albany for many years one service, and often the principal one, the sermon and psalms were all in Holland Dutch. I have before me a Dutch hymn book printed in Gravenhager, Holland, in 1825, for the "Nederduitsche Hervormde Gemeenten in ons Vaderland," with the hymns all set to music, the air or soprano only, being printed in the quaint diamond shaped notes. Many of them had heavy silver clasps and chains wherewith to hang them from the belt or arm of the wearer.

It would have seemed strange and almost impossible to our Dutch forefathers that the time should ever come when the preaching in the Dutch language should entirely cease from its pulpits, the national name be dropped from its corporate name and title and the weather cock removed from its steeple. In Albany, the stronghold of the Hollanders, the North Dutch, Middle Dutch, South Dutch or Double Dutch, from its two not very symmetrical steeples, were like household names, and cannot easily be given up by those whose associations reach





TRINITY CHURCH

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back to the early days of the Reformed Dutch Church in America, whose existence in this country is connected with so much of its early history, and whose records hold some of our most famous names inscribed on their pages.

OLD TRINITY

No sketch of the Old Homes of Utica can be deemed complete that does not include the spiritual home of so many of our forefathers—Old Trinity so endeared to us by its associations with the past. To the descendants of the church of England, the sound of the familiar prayers and petitions of her beautiful liturgy, came like a voice from home in a strange land, and it is not strange its services should have been established here at an early day, even in the face of many difficulties and drawbacks. To the Rev. Philander Chase belongs the credit of founding old Trinity in 1798, while Colonel Benjamin Walker must be considered its first lay patron. His own handsome house was not yet finished, and he was living in a small tenement near by when Mr. Chase was his guest. The village at that time consisted of one long street, the eastern part was Main and the western the “Whitesboro road,” while houses were scattered about indiscriminately in various directions. Mr. Chase established lay readings at

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this visit, but no church building was attempted until 1803, when a lot 100 feet deep on Broad street, and 127 feet deep running through to Catharine street, was given by the Bleecker estate as a bonus to the first church that should be built in the village. On the basis of subscriptions amounting to two thousand dollars a church building was begun under the architect, Philip Hooker, of Albany, who had designed the old St. Peter's in that city, the State Capitol and the Albany Free Academy.

The first warden was Judge Nathan Williams; second, Abram Walton. Vestrymen—William Inman, Charles Walton, John Smith, Colonel Benjamin Walker, Samuel Hooker, Aylmer Johnson, James Hopper, Charles Smith.

In 1802 the Rev. John Taylor, a Presbyterian missionary, made a tour through this part of the state, and reported the following discouraging facts concerning Utica: "This village appears to be a mixed mass of discordant materials. Here may be found people of ten or twelve different nations, (unless he counted the Iroquois as six we are at a loss to account for so many at that early day) of all religions and sects, but the greater part are of no religion at all. The world is the great object with the body of the people. The Presbyterian church of Utica and Whitesboro are one congregation, and

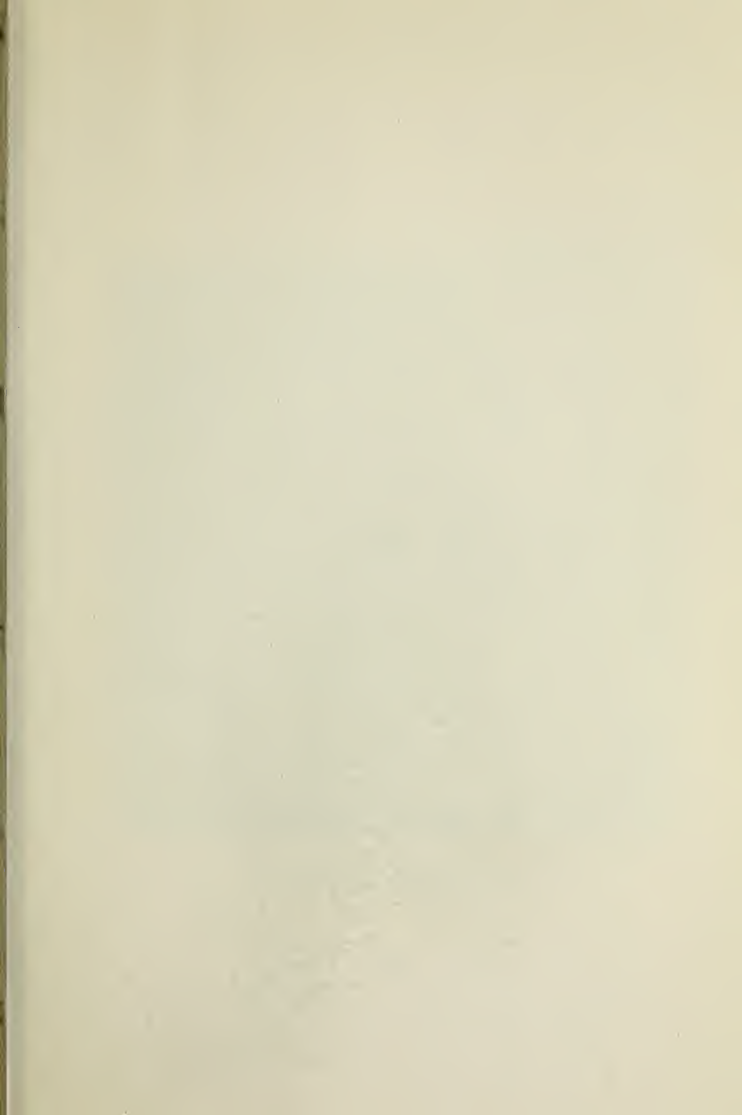
there is no church building in Utica." With all due respect to this excellent man, we must wonder what very worldly pursuits could be indulged in at that time besides the felling of trees and building of homes for the early settlers. Of the town of Floyd he writes: "The soil is good, far too good for its inhabitants," and when he describes the Methodist revivals of the village of Western, his spirits reach the lowest ebb of depression. It was no wonder that the church of England people felt it was a good time to collect the stray sheep and form themselves into a congregation.

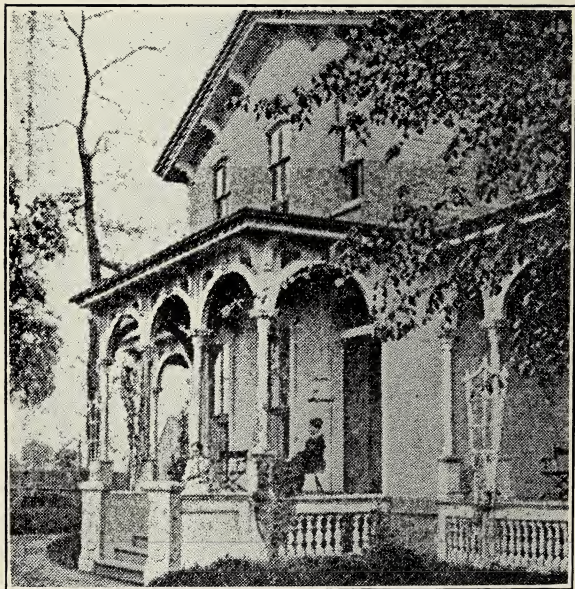
This church building was not completed until 1810, when its cost had reached the large sum of seven thousand dollars, a large amount for the few church people to give. It was consecrated by Bishop Benjamin Moore, then the only bishop of the whole state of New York. Its first rector was Rev. Jonathan Judd, who divided his time between Utica and Paris Hill.

The first rector in charge was Rev. Amos G. Baldwin, from 1806 to 1818. He built the first organ with a manual or key board, with his own hands. It did good service for many years in Christ church, Sherburne, and afterwards in the Presbyterian church, in New York Mills, much enlarged and improved.

A SKETCH OF OLD UTICA

Rev. Henry Shaw was Rector in 1819 and remained for two years. In 1821 came the Rev. Henry Anthon, who during his eight years' pastorate so greatly endeared himself to the people. His memory is still kept green by his former parishioners—and he ranks as one of the prominent clergymen of New York City where he went from Utica. His sermons were marked by purity and finish of style, and his conversation displayed a high order of ability. During his rectorship the parsonage in rear of the church was built, the quaint one-story-and-a-half house with its door and brass knocker at one end of the enclosed piazza. On Dr. Anthon's leaving to accept charge of St. Stephen's in New York in 1829, Dr. Benjamin Dorr was called and remained until 1831, when he went to Christ Church, Philadelphia. In 1836, Dr. Pierre Alexis Proal came from St. George's, Schenectady; his fine voice and clear distinct reading of the service were always sources of pleasure and pride to his friends. He was a scholarly man, and for many years Secretary of the General Convention. He was a Trustee of Hamilton College, and was frequently called upon to fill other educational posts. At his death in 1857, Rev. S. Hanson Coxe, who had been his assistant, was called to succeed him and began his pastorate of twenty-one years, the longest in the history of the





CULVER-COLONEL WALKER PLACE

parish. Rev. Charles H. Gardner was called in 1878, and Rev. William H. Maxson in 1887. Rev. John Ravenscroft Harding in 1894.

The subjoined shows the list of pew holders in 1835. It will be noticed there was no centre aisle, the middle tier of pews ran across the centre of the church and there were raised tiers of pews on either side at right angles to the centre.

The Mural Tablet to Mrs. Montgomery Hunt was originally in the rear of the family pew and reads as follows:

In Remembrance of
Eliza Hunt,
Wife of
Montgomery Hunt,
Who died 14th April, 1824,
Aged 39.

Why are friends ravished from us. 'Tis to bind
By soft affections' ties on human hearts
The thoughts of death; which reason, too supine
Or misemployed, so rarely fastens there.

A SKETCH OF OLD UTICA

WEST SIDE

E. Kirby
 Nicholas Devereux
 E. H. Benjamin
 Mrs. Winne
 M. Codd
 J. S. Kipp
 Andrews & Tryon
 Henry Seymour
 Estate of J. Hopper
 John McCall
 B. B. Lansing
 Col. John Hinman
 Doctor Smith
 Mr. Isaiah Tiffany
 S. A. Sibley
 J. Sabin
 Mr. Perkins
 H. W. Lyon
 J. Osborne

EAST SIDE

R. Shearman
 T. Colling
 Samuel Beardsley
 Richard Despard
 Wm. Kyte
 Montgomery Hunt
 S. Stafford, Jr.
 Thomas H. Hubbard
 Lord & Merrill
 A. G. Dauby
 H. B. Clarke
 C. Grannis
 E. B. Shearman
 Russ & Oley
 Wm. Bostwick
 Mr. Watkin
 Mr. Culber
 Mr. Huntington
 Prentice & Bristol

Breeze	Rector
Colton & Fanning	J. Sanger
E. Welles	M. J. Devlin
Henry Green	Rudolph Snyder
Richard Lansing	Judge Nathan Williams
E. Hart	John Newell
Mrs. Miller	Col. Combe
Brodhead & Varick	Wm. Gainer
Charles Oester	Amos Gage
S. A. Sayre	Ammi Dows
Stephen Walton	M. Eagan
Z. H. Cooper	

A SKETCH OF OLD UTICA

From the little church in the fields Trinity grew by successive enlargements to a goodly size, and from its handful of "feeble folk" arose a large and flourishing congregation, and from this mother church six strong parishes have arisen. If its walls could speak they would tell us of Bishop Moore, Bishop Hobart, Bishop Potter, Bishop DeLancey, Bishop Coxe, Bishop Huntington, and Bishop Doane, all of New York state, whose territory is now divided into five dioceses.

The church, as originally built, stood back in the lot, and was entered through what was called "Church Lane," now First street, by taking down the bars of a fence that enclosed the whole lot. Corn was at times planted in the yard, and the approach to the church door was through this leafy lane of indian corn. In a map of the village, as it existed in 1806, Trinity church is represented as standing quite alone in the rear of some houses on Main street. Broad street was not laid out as far as Genesee street until 1808, and this little chapel, for it was scarcely more than that, might well have been called Trinity in the Fields.

The sweet toned bell which still calls the faithful to prayer was placed in the belfry in 1818. Music was always a marked feature in the service at old Trinity. For many years Miss Mary Green, of

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Oriskany, drove down regularly to play the organ, while the deep, rich voice of Mr. Henry Green was heard in the choir, with the soprano of Miss Russ, now Mrs. J. J. Francis, who was a member of the choir from the time she was twelve years of age until her marriage. During the rectorship of Dr. Coxe the music was said to be the best outside of New York, and equalled by few churches in the metropolis. Few, if any, have called forth the soul of music and made the organ speak like the genial, sunny, delightful, Dr. Joseph Sieboth whose settings of hymn and chant, and carol entitled him to a high rank among composers of sacred music. The double quartette was composed of Miss Lloyd, Miss Germain, Miss Emily Paine, Miss Brown, Mr. Spruce, Mr. Enos Brown, Mr. Delos Cole, and Dr. Charles B. Foster, who for fifteen years gave such zealous, efficient service in this church of his adoption. With Dr. Coxe's full sonorous voice reading the service and Bible lessons in his matchless manner from the chancel, and these voices breaking forth into fullest harmony from the organ gallery, it was indeed harkening to the sound of holy voices. Some of us will never forget when the sweet, clear voice of Miss Loyd sang as a solo the alternate verses of the hymn, "Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer," and the lines seemed like a message from above,

A S K E T C H O F O L D U T I C A

“If Thou art my sun and my shield
The night is no darkness with me;
And swift as my moments roll on
They bring me but nearer to Thee.”

while the favorite hymns, “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,” “Softly now the light of day,” “Rock of ages, cleft for me,” with Dr. Foster’s rich voice grandly supporting all the others, seem still to linger in these aisles and arches.

An Appreciation

ON the afternoon of December 10, 1910, I found myself in Lowville, N. Y., in response to an invitation from the Lowville Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to inaugurate a movement in behalf of the erection of a Public Library building in that beautiful village. The meeting was held in the historic old Academy where I discovered on the original subscription list for the erection of the first Academy building at the head of State street, the name of one of my ancestors—a pioneer of Lewis county—and that of Morris S. Miller, who was appointed land agent about 1802 by Nicholas Low, for the sale of his immense tract of land in Northern New York.

Lowville was endeared to Blandina Dudley Miller as the birthplace of her father, Rutger Bleecker Miller, and she warmly expressed the wish to me, should the library project materialize, to donate his portrait to hang upon its walls.

Although not a native, but an adopted Utican, my innate love for local history led me to eagerly imbibe

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everything which came under my observation from the fascinating pen of Miss Blandina Miller. I gladly pay loving tribute to the memory of one who was not only my inspiration and guide in searching out the byways of our city's noble past, but in the study of its historical environment, all of which she has invested with unusual interest and charm. Under the spell of her charming portrayals of the homes and haunts of the eminent men and women whose presence once lent distinction to this locality, I have found nothing more alluring than going on pilgrimage to the various shrines which she has indicated.

With her graphic pen pictures in mind, persons and scenes associated with the early days have seemed actually to live again!

Thus it was to her vivid description of Olden Barneveld, that I owe the delights of a never-to-be-forgotten summer day among the early Dutch settlers of Oneida county. The streets of Trenton village fairly teemed with associations of Gerrit Boon, the Mappas, and the Van der Kemps, that refined and cultivated circle which once constituted this "Brave Little Holland" in America. Their beloved pastor, Rev. John Sherman, grandson of Roger Sherman (the Signer), was not forgotten; that enthusiastic devotee of Kuyahoor's charms who

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discovered to the world the wild and haunting beauty of the Falls of Trenton.

I climbed Starr hill, where sleeps the great Steuben! Enchanted with the view I recalled the thrilling story of his life and none has written it in language more illuminating and delightful than Miss Miller. What charming glimpses she has given us of Col. Benjamin Walker, his friend and companion-in-arms! The same may be said of another revolutionary patriot, Surgeon General of the Continental Armies, Dr. John Cochran, whose old homestead still overlooks the broad Mohawk Valley, close by the historic Palatine Church.

I lingered by the shores of lovely Lake Oneida, familiar with its every tradition through the medium of Miss Miller's pen. Cazenovia, the beautiful, was no stranger to me, for the colonization of certain portions of the State of New York by the Holland Land Company was a theme she often touched upon. Ancient Peterboro, the home of Gerrit Smith of Abolition fame, and the story of the pioneer days of the town of Paris, recall some of her most notable articles. And did she not point out with pride, as should every resident of Oneida County, that within its borders rests General William Floyd, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence?

In history and tradition our glorious hills and

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valleys were an open book to this accomplished writer—the world of nature too, and all the lovely birds—and who that has come within the radius of her pen is not greatly her debtor?

I call to mind her deep interest in the natives of the soil—particularly the Oneidas—"the noblest of the Six Nations." Her sketches of their faithful and devoted minister, Rev. Samuel Kirkland—the Scholar Missionary—and of the great chief, Skenandoa, "the white man's friend," are also among the happy productions of Miss Blandina Miller.

Whether her historical studies related to our city, county or state, they always appeared in the picturesque style of charming description so characteristic of her writings.

Much of what I was enabled to impart to the school children upon the play-grounds of the down town districts concerning their historical environment, and the noble men and women—pioneers of our city—whose homes once stood in their very midst, I drew from Miss Miller's valuable records. Familiarity with such a background I could not help but feel would foster patriotism and create civic pride—thereby planting the seeds of good citizenship in youthful hearts and minds.

How many in this day realize that the very names of many of our streets stand as monuments to the

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founders of our fair city—notably the ancestors of the author of the unique and fascinating chronicle of Utica in the early days. Rutger Bleecker, her great-grandfather, owned a large part of the land now occupied by the city of Utica.

I doubt if any one has paid Miss Miller a more graceful and appreciative tribute than the late Dr. Anson Judd Upson, in 1895, upon the receipt of a copy of "A sketch of Old Utica." Although not born in this city he loved it as a native—"Here," I once heard him say, "where my kindred are buried, I would ever be at home. I am no deserter."

What delightful recollections of his boyhood days in Utica, the perusal of Miss Miller's book suggested to Dr. Upson. "How often" said he, "when I visit Utica, I walk through Whitesboro street, and a hundred sweetly solemn memories moisten my eyes."

Did he not voice the sentiment of many hearts concerning the older sections of our city and one in accord with this stray rhyme of an old homestead?

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"Who sits under my roof tree?
One whom I have not known:
He dug not the old foundations,
He laid not a single stone.
Where a thousand echoes greet me
He hears no sound nor breath,
And the walls that to me are lettered
To him are as blank as death.

* * * *

Aye, though he pay the purchase,
I have the right divine;
His is the shell—the shadow—
The soul of the house is mine."

CHARLOTTE A. PITCHER,
—*Historian Oneida Chapter, D. A. R.*

. December, Nineteen twelve.

